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TRUE MEN STORIES

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FEBRUARY 1972



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THE NIGHT OF BLOOD THAT HOUSTON WILL NEVER FORGET!

by ALEX AUSTIN



ON THE NIGHT of May 8th, 1854, three of the wealthiest men in the state of Texas lay dead in the gaudy parlor of the famous Houston bordello run by former New York society woman Bess Martinson. The men were Hector Albez, owner of Silver States Mines in Nevada; Bill Menard, president of the National Bank in Houston; and Walter Norman, who owned a string of general stores that reached from one end of the state to the other. The police investigation that followed the triple murder uncovered one of the wildest orgies ever staged in the history of the Old West.

Bess Martinson, who was eventually held as an accessory to the three murders, started making newspaper headlines as one of New York's leading society beauties. Daughter of railroad tycoon James Henderson, young Bess had the run of New York's glittering social world. The tall redhead with the body that put most of the town's leading showgirls to shame learned at an early age

(Continued on page 12)

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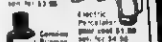
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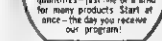
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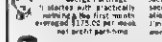
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NIGHT OF BLOOD

(Continued from page 6)

that she could get anything she wanted out of men.

At nineteen, she was already being squired by leading figures of the sports world as well as some of the biggest names in the theatre. At twenty-one, she married the son of Harley Martinson, one of her father's business associates. Young Harley, however, was not the man to satisfy the insatiable Bess. She soon took on a string of lovers ranging from her former society companions to sailors she would pick up in waterfront dives and take to nearby hotels, where she would entertain them for the night and then pay the pleasantly surprised gobs for their services.

By the time she was thirty, Bess Martinson not only grew sick of her pallid, always-complaining husband, but of New York City as well. The town was just to damned tame for her. She had heard lusty stories of the West, of the wild brand of life to be found there, and on April 17th, 1843, Bess sailed on the freighter, *Trindo*, bound for Galveston. From Galveston, Bess Martinson traveled by stage to Houston.

Her first night in Houston, Bess discovered the red light district on Sapchey Street, just two blocks away from the city court house. There was no point to putting off until tomorrow what she was eager to do tonight, so, dressed in all her expensive New York finery, Bess walked up the steps to what appeared to be the best of the bordellos that she saw, told the madam, one Alice Haggerty, that she would work the night for nothing and whatever she earned could be distributed among the other girls.

In a matter of weeks, all Houston was talking about Bess Martinson. She was the most beautiful woman any man in town had ever seen and the stories of her bedroom skills astounded even the most experienced of men. Most exciting of all, the girl unquestionably enjoyed what she was doing.

Bess continued to work in the various bordellos of Houston, but she was one of those rare people who are married to their jobs. During her free hours she took on lovers on her own—men she met in the many casinos or hotels of the city, often the cowhands and miners who would come into town to let off steam after being out on the desert or on the range for months at a time.

In September of 1844, Bess Martinson gave a party the city of Houston will never forget to celebrate the opening of her new bordello.

Bess' new house on Willow Street prospered as few other bordellos in the city—or anywhere else—could. Bess often used her own money to throw lavish parties for her customers—fabulous nights when her regular customers

would be invited to partake in orgies the likes of which none of them had the courage to imagine or the boldness to put into words. On these nights, extra girls would be hired so that every man would have at least one girl to take care of him.

It was on one of these party nights, May 8th, 1854, that the entire state of Texas was shocked out of its easy living by the triple murder in Bess Martinson's unique bordello and the lurid revelations that followed.

As always, the house was crowded. The champagne flowed freely—in both senses of the word. In the parlor, Jake Potter played all requests on the upright that stood off against the wall opposite the large fireplace. Huge trays of food were everywhere, even upstairs in the bedrooms. There was heavy traffic on the stairs as guests took girls up, came down when they were finished, and took others up later. And there was not a man present who did not promise himself the dessert—Bess Martinson herself—before the joyous night was done.

But one six foot tall man with a roaring laugh and fast guns was to run the dreams of all other guests that night right down the drain.

His name was Jocko Toms, and the wild sound of his laughter had thrown fear into the hearts of men in a dozen states. Toms was a gunslinger who would kill a sweet old lady with a lead pipe for the proper price. He was also a man so quick with his guns that some of the top gunmen of his day, men who were later to be set down in history books of the "Wild West," turned the other way when Jocko Toms came into a town.

BESS MARTINSON had met Toms during her stay at Alice Haggerty's. Toms had picked her out in the blue velvet-lined parlor, had taken her to one of the upstairs rooms and the two of them had stayed there, having food and whiskey sent up, for the next three days. Ever since that night of abandon, whenever Jocko Toms was in Houston, he would spend all his time with Bess, the two of them, as on that first night, locking themselves away; and the sounds of their laughing, screaming, howling and even just plain breathing would fill the large house for as long as they were together.

On this night when Jocko Toms came to Bess Martinson's house, he had no idea there would be any such grand party going on. Annie, Bess' maid had been given instructions that only invited guests were to be admitted on this night, but Annie knew well enough that Jocko Toms was admitted on any night.

Bess was coming down the stairs, wearing only a black dressing gown she did not bother to close, when Jocko Toms entered. She was startled first

to see him. She did not have time to remain startled for long because Jocko Toms rushed up, seized her in his arms and damned near kissed the skin off her mouth and neck and shoulders.

"Now you just wait a minute, Jocko honey," Bess said, her face red, when she finally caught her breath. "You know we have rooms upstairs."

Jocko roared with laughter. He had already downed one bottle of firewater and the drunken look of his gray eyes was a fierce thing to see, a sight that had scared away many a woman, but it was a look that only served to boil the hot tiger-blood of Bess Martinson.

"I been missin you so damn bad, Bess," Jocko shouted. Some of the girls and men came out from the parlor to see what was happening. When Jocko saw them, all the fine gentlemen, some of them in their drawers, others still with their diamond stick-pins neatly in place, he roared again and turning to Bess, he said, "So you're trying to turn this into a lousy gent's room."

"Now you just come on upstairs, honey," Bess said.

"Sure," Jocko said, "Sure, we're going upstairs. But first, maybe I'd like to take a cigar or two with a few of these fine gents of yours."

The guests, embarrassed now by Jocko, returned to the parlor with the girls. Jocko carried Bess into the parlor, set her down roughly on one of the couches. Jocko took a bottle of champagne from the large table in the center of the room and lifting it to his mouth, emptied it to the open-eyed amazement of everyone present. Finished, he dropped the bottle to the floor, laughed, ripped off his drenched shirt and showed a huge hairy chest and arms that might have belonged to a bear.

"Hey now, everybody," Jocko shouted. "We're going to really make this a party, huh? You know what I mean?" He looked around at the others with a sly waiting expression. Finally when one of the girls began laughing softly, Jocko nodded enthusiastically and said, "Yeah now—that's it. That's it."

Another girl laughed. Jocko nodded again. Soon, as if a spring had suddenly unciled, the room was filled with laughter and Jocko Toms was accepted as one of the guests. In a matter of minutes, everyone had forgotten the few embarrassing moments.

Jake Potter, a dollar cigar shoved into one corner of his mouth, kept pounding the upright piano. There was some dancing, couples moving off into corners, several on their way upstairs, stopping in the hallway. Everyone now was drunk, staggering, laughing, ready for anything. In the midst of this joyous lunacy, Jocko Toms took one of Bess' little French girls, a doe-eyed brunette by the name of Arlette, upstairs and when he came down, carrying Arlette in his arms, all he had were his guns. There was a loud burst of laughter when the others saw him. Only Bess Martinson did not laugh. Jocko Toms had never taken another girl when she was around. Her fine cheeks flushed with anger and the green

(Continued on page 46)

WHEN WILL MS BE CURED?



An Important Message To Every Man And Woman In America Losing His Or Her Hair

If you are troubled by thinning hair, dandruff, itchy scalp, if you fear approaching baldness, read the rest of this statement carefully. It may mean the difference to you between saving your hair and losing the rest of it — eventual baldness.

Baldness is simply a matter of subtraction. When the number of new hairs fail to equal the number of falling hair, you end up minus your head of hair (bald). Why not avoid baldness by preventing unnecessary loss of hair? Why not turn the tide of battle on your head by eliminating needless causes of hair loss and give Nature a chance to grow more hair for you? Many of the country's dermatologists and other foremost hair and scalp specialists believe that seborrhea, a common scalp disorder, causes hair loss. What is seborrhea? It is a bacterial infection of the scalp that can eventually cause permanent damage to the hair follicles. Its visible evidence is "thinning" hair. Its end result is baldness. Its symptoms are dry, itchy scalp, dandruff, oily hair, head scales, and progressive hair loss.

So, if you are beginning to notice that your forehead is getting larger, beginning to notice that there is too much hair on your comb, beginning to be worried about the dry-

ness of your hair, the itchiness of your scalp, the ugly dandruff — these are Nature's Red Flags warning you of impending baldness. Even if you have been losing your hair for some time, don't let seborrhea rob you of the rest of your hair.

HOW COMATE WORKS ON YOUR SCALP

The development of an amazing new hair and scalp medicine called Comate is specifically designed to control seborrhea and stop the hair loss it causes. It offers the opportunity to thousands of men and women losing their hair to bacterial infection — reverse the battle they are now losing on their scalps. By stopping this impediment to normal hair growth, new hairs can grow as Nature intended.

This is how Comate works. (1) It combines in a single scalp treatment the essential corrective factors for normal hair growth. By its rubificative action it stimulates blood circulation to the scalp, thereby supplying more nutrition to still-alive hair follicles. (2) As a highly effective antiseptic, Comate kills on contact the seborrhea-causing scalp bacteria believed to be a cause of baldness. (3) By its

keratolitic action it dissolves ugly dandruff. By tending to normalize the lubrication of the hair shaft it corrects excessively dry and oily hair. It eliminates head scales and scalp itch.

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COMATE IS UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

To you we offer this UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE. Treat your scalp to Comate in your own home, following the simple directions. See for yourself in your own mirror how after a few treatments, Comate makes your hair look thicker and alive. How Comate ends your dandruff, stops your scalp itch. How Comate gives your hair a chance to grow. Most men and women report results after the first treatment, some take longer. But we say this to you, if, for any reason, you are not completely satisfied with the improvement in your own case — AT ANY TIME — return the unused portion for a prompt refund. No questions asked.

But don't delay. For the sake of your hair, order Comate today. Nothing — not even Comate — can grow hair from dead follicles. Fill out the coupon now, and take the first step toward a good head of hair again.

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Male pattern baldness is the cause of the great majority of cases of baldness and excessive hair loss. Such cases neither the Comate treatment nor any other treatment is effective.

Note To Doctors
Doctors, clinics and hospitals interested in scalp disorders can obtain professional samples and literature on written request.

"I used locobutt on a handful of hair at a time. Now I only get 4-6 on my comb. The terrible itching has stopped."
— L. W. S., Los Angeles, Cal.

"My hair has quit falling out to fall out by handfuls. Comate stopped it from falling out."
— D. W. H., Oklahoma City, Okla.

"My husband has tried many treatments and spent a great deal of money on his scalp. Nothing helped until he started using your formula."
— Mrs. N. L. B., Piquette, Ohio

"Comate is successful in every way you mention. Used it only a few days and can see the big change in my scalp and hair."
— C. E. H., Jr., Richmond, Wash.

"My hair was thin at the temples, and all over. Now it looks so much thicker. I can tell it."
— Miss C. T., San Angelo, Tex.

"Now my hair looks quite thick."
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"My hair had been coming out and breaking off for about 21 years, and Comate has improved it so much."
— Mrs. J. E., Lisbon, Ga.

"I've used a good many different lotions." But until I tried Comate, I had no result. Now I'm rid of dandruff, and itchy scalp. My hair looks thicker."
— G. E., Alberta, Canada

"Used it twice and my hair has already stopped falling."
— M. R., Corvallis, Ore.

"No trouble with dandruff since I started using it."
— L. W. W., Galveston, Tex.

"It really has improved my hair in one week, and I know what the result will be in three more. I am so happy over it, I had to write!"
— Mrs. M. J., McCumb, Miss.

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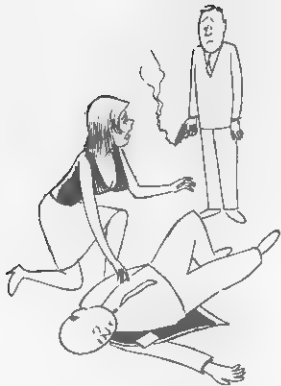
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"Can I help you Mac?"

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"The idiot forgot to mail the insurance premium."

Battle Of The Sexes



$\frac{2}{2} + \frac{1}{4}$



George Cole

"You'll have to do it over, Miss Davis. You forgot the splints!"

"You should know better than to end a sentence with a proposition!"



"I've found her wandering around—can I keep her dad?"



Don Bolander, M.A., University of Chicago; B.S., Northwestern University; Director of Career Institute; authority on adult education.

Shamed by your English?

You can soon speak and write like a college graduate
if you let me help you for 15 minutes a day.

LET'S BE FRANK

If you've ever been shamed by a mistake in English, maybe I can save you from years of disappointment.

You see, none of us will ever go any farther than our ability to speak and write will let us go.

I have met countless numbers of intelligent men and women who are being held back in their jobs and social lives—often without knowing it—because they couldn't express themselves fully and easily.

What About You?

Could you get ahead faster with a command of good English? Just ask yourself these questions:

Even with all your ability and ambition, how long has it been since you had a promotion?

Even with all you have to offer, when people get together at work or at parties, are you the one they listen to?

Be Honest with Yourself

If people are not impressed by the way you speak and write—and, if you're honest enough with yourself to admit it—you have already taken the first big step to success.

The Next Step ■ Easy

You can master good English without going back to school. Over the years I have helped thousands of men and women to stop making embarrassing mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, and become interesting conversationalists—right in their own homes.

Here's What to Do

I can help you, too, if you will give 15 minutes a day to the Career Institute Method of mastering good English. My answers to the following questions will show you how quickly and easily you can stop being ashamed of your English, and do something about getting ahead.

Question *What is so important about my ability to speak and write?*

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Good English is absolutely necessary for making a good impression and getting ahead in business and social life. You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question *What does a "command of good English" mean?*

Answer It means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation—also read rapidly and remember what you read.

Question *Are there other advantages to be gained by acquiring a command of good English?*

Answer Yes! Words are actually "tools of thought." The more you learn about words and how to use them to form and express your ideas, the better your thinking becomes. For this reason a command of good English often pays off in unexpected ways.

Question *Wouldn't I have to go back to school for a command of good English?*

Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home—in only a few minutes each day.

Question *Is this something new?*

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The unique Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, gain a colorful vocabulary, write clearly and well, and discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question *How do I know it works?*

Answer There are thousands of letters in my files, testimonials from people in all walks of life who have used the proved Career Institute Method to achieve amazing results. If you send in the coupon below, I will share some of these letters with you.

Question *How long will it take me to learn to speak and write like a college graduate, using your method?*

Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question *How can I find out more about the Career Institute Method?*

Answer I will gladly mail you a free 32-page booklet which explains the new easy-to-follow Career Institute Method and tells how you can master good English quickly and enjoyably at home. Send coupon, card or letter today to Career Institute, Dept. 332-19, 555 E. Lange St., Mundelein, Illinois 60060. No salesman will call.

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'THE



But Gaudin had often been stuck between the men. He begged his friends around as his wife had been here. But when it came to women and children, he could not tell tale on all

DUMBEST GI IN KOREA' WHO DECIDED TO TAKE ON A TANK!

by THOMAS FINLEY CUSTER

THE STACCATO ROAR of the Russky machine gun chopped softly in the swirling snow. It sounded like a toy gun in a bale of cotton. Gilmore whimpered, like a kicked dog, and fell on his face in the snow. I belled out under a clump of stunted Korean pine and swallowed my spit.

Nine million years later the gun opened up down the mountain. The gooks were chasing Coen, our getaway man. Gilmore and I were alone on the mountain. And Gilmore was dead. I rolled him over to make sure. His body was still warm enough to melt the snow settling on his face. There was a faint wisp of steam coming from the blood running down his chin. But his eyes told me all I needed to know. They were deader than a pair of dead oysters.

I snapped off one dog-tag, left the other around his neck in case we ever got back that way, and helped myself to his ammunition. I shoved the muzzle of his carbine down through the snow into the pine needles. Not much of a tombstone, but it was the best I could do. I looked down at Gilmore and said, "Sayonara, you fat slob. You can keep the eight bucks you owe me." He didn't answer. I took off through the pines at a fast hike without looking back. Gilmore had been my best buddy and I guess I should have been eager to catch up with the gooks who clobbered our patrol. But I wasn't. I just wanted to get back on the other side.

Whoever made up the bit about a White Christmas just never spent much time in Korea. It was spooky as hell. The soft snow swallowed up sounds so I felt like I was walking in a big fat gob of marshmallow. The sky was a lead-grey and little suzie snowflakes drifted down through the pines, making whispering noises on my helmet. I felt like I was the only G.I. in all Korea. Then somebody said, "HALT, you miser'bal rat. An' I better hear some English right quick or I'll blow your goddam head off."

"G.I. G.I.!" I yelled as a slug zipped through a tree trunk by my left ear. I hit the deck and yelled again, "It's Tom Custer,

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

you crumple more. Kneak it off, Goo-Boy."

"Custer's dead, you Chinese ape! Think I don't know a Gook when I hear one?" I cursed and buried my head in the snow while Goo-Boy shot a full clip into a couple of trees that seemed to damn thing to anyone. I jumped up before he could feed his carbine another clip. He was crouched behind a fallen log and I hauled it and grabbed his rifle. "You stupid jerk," I snarled.

Goo-Boy looked up from under his helmet and grinned like a divvut. "Thought I'd got me a gook, General Custer," he said. I sat there and grunted. Goo-Boy thought the General Custer bit was funny as hell. You men in the patrol—I had to wind up out of with Goo-Boy.

He had a name. But we never called him anything but Goo-Boy. We hailed from a small town in the Ohio Valley. A place with a name like Pumpkin Corners, or Willow Grove. It was firmly held by everyone in Hatcher Company that he'd posed for the original model of Mortimer Snerd.

Not only was Goo-Boy the dumbest bastard in the U. S. Army—and that's saying a lot—but he was the worst liar in the outfit. I don't mean the biggest liar. We had some pretty good BS artists in the old 26th Infantry. Goo-Boy was the worst. That is, he was a total flop at telling tall tales. He had a sneaky, shifty look of morose cynicism on his stupid face while he was talking. If he'd told us the sun would come up in the morning we'd have kind of doubted it. Worse yet, he insisted on telling the wildest, most god-awful whoppers



We practically walked up on top of the tank before we saw it. All we could do was surrender. Nobody but a damn, crazy fool would have tried to fight

we'd ever heard. You couldn't top the guy if you said you'd made hay with five beautiful Geisha girls on your last pass in Tokyo. Goo-Boy would up the ante and block you with a wild story about latching on to a Japanese madam who dug him so much she gave him the biggest pay-for-pay house in Kobe, complete with three hundred adoring girls.

This was what I was stuck with. Seven or eight miles behind the Communist lines in a bivouac. I wondered if it wouldn't save time to shoot him

I had trouble enough without Goo-Boy.

For one thing, it hadn't been such a bright idea to shoot a clip of ammunition away like that. Not only was it a waste of the taxpayers' money but you happy sons of Han hadn't known there was anyone alive up here until Goo-Boy started making like a Marxian revolution.

SOMEWHERE down the slope there was a tiny blint on a tiny bungle. Off on our flank we could hear some Gook yelling out what sounded like a Chinese curse in a sing-song scream. Goo-Boy looked at me and gulped.

"The natives are getting restless," I snarled. "Let's get out of here." I turned down the slope toward the bungle. The snow was deeper down there and the going would be rough. The bungle was meant to run us up onto the high ground, but if that was where the Chaps were set wanted up, I figured to frustrate them all to hell.

I wasn't wrong about the snow. It was deeper now. We sank through a knee deep crust as we staggered down the slope. It was slow going. I just hoped some of the gooks had snow shoes. I made the mistake of saying so, to Goo-Boy.

"Shut, General Custer," said Goo-Boy. "This ain't nothin'. I was lost one time in the Limberlost and it snowed worse than this." I was dumb enough to hiss "O.K. Goo-Boy, what in hell's a Limberlost?"

"Big swamp, up the state from our farm. Fearce place to get lost in. Full of alligators and sharks and poison snakes. Worse place in the world to get lost in. (Specially in the winter when it snows. Man, I've seen twenty-foot drifts in the Limberlost. And with that there quick-mud underneath it—well, you wouldn't believe it. General Custer, huh."

"No, I sure as hell wouldn't. Who ever heard of alligators and sharks in the Ohio valley?"

"That's what makes the Limberlost such an ornery place to get lost in. Folks not expecting to find 'gators in there. One of my cousins was in there a couple of years back, gatherin' maple sugar, when this here old bull 'gator come right up out of the swamp and tore his leg off."



4.1 lies twisted, dead in gully after N Korean machinegun swept blithe

"He was gathering MAPLE SYRUP! in a swamp?"

"Why shore. You don't think anybody in his right mind would go into the Lumberiest just for fun do you?"

I never did hear how the alligators and sharks lived through the twenty feet snow drifts in the Lumberiest. Someone rolled a garbage can across the sky and I dove head first into the snow. I don't know what good I expected it to do. Snow isn't worth a damn for stopping sharpshooters.

There was a dull clump up the slope and the top of a tree exploded into a million splinters. Goon-Boy and I lay there trying to crawl up into our helmets while the Reds plastered the mountain with a train-load of mortar shells. When it was over we were buried under three feet of snow, pine needles and kindling wood. I stuck my head up and looked around. We seemed to be both O.K. The slope looked like some-

my stomach.

Up the slope a voice called to me. "Hey G.I. Where you hiding? Is O.K. come out now. China boy allisame gone."

I thumped Goon-Boy in the ribs and hissed at him to keep down. He looked blank, then smickered. "I getcha. That there ain't no G.I. I bet he's a damn Gook."

"You're getting brighter by the minute, Goon-Boy. Now SHUT UP."

We huddled in the snow peering up the slope through the swirling flakes. Our pal with the Peking accent kept yelling. I don't know why he thought he sounded like an American. He yelled at us from time to time to come out come out wherever we were, in a voice right out of an old Charley Chan murder movie.

"Is O.K. Yankee Buddy. We allisame Sams. We allisame South Korean buddy-boys along you. You come out we

exactly what was going to happen right afterwards.

"We allisame Sams," yelled the point man. I didn't hear the rest of it. I opened up with my carbine in the middle of the first sentence. I fired at the farthest man first. The gateway man, up the slope. He cartwheeled into a clump of pine and crashed out of sight. I didn't want to see where he dropped. I was already zeroed in on the patrol leader. The poor slob was frozen. I couldn't see him. I fired at the next man. He got and swung my sights on Charley Chan. The pidgin-English Gook was standing there with his hands outstretched imploringly.

"Don't shoot. We number one Sams." He yelled. I sunk a bullet through his chest. "Don't shoot!" He yelled again, and sat down in the snow spitting blood. The other two gooks had come unglued from their surprise. One started blasting with a burp gun from behind a tree while the other took off up the slope. I ignored the Chink shooting at us. I knew where he was. I didn't want any one getting back with the news of how few of us there were. The poor slob didn't get very far in the deep snow. I dropped him solid with the third shot. A near miss splattered snow in my face and I swung around to show the guy behind the tree what a steel jacket bullet will do to a soft green pine trunk. He jumped out from behind the tree with a chestfull of splinters and splattered lead and I put a couple of rounds in him for luck. Then I jumped up out of the snow and took off down the mountain like a scalded cat. Goon-Boy, unfortunately, had the sense to run after me. There was an eroded gully a hundred yards from where we'd ambushed the red patrol. I jumped down into it with a grateful glance at the grey sky. Goon-Boy sat down beside me and asked why we were stopping.

"Because, in a minute, there's going to be the damnedest mortar barrage you ever heard in this valley," I answered. I was wrong. It took more than a minute. It took about three before the reds figured their boys were not coming home tonight and started throwing all caps again.

We were lucky. They weren't shelling too close. They hadn't figured on us taking cover so soon and were shelling farther down the mountain. Down where we would have been if we hadn't hopped up in the gully.

We sat there, waist deep in snow, like a couple of kids waiting out a thunderstorm so they can go out and play, listening to the mortars crashing down into the valley. Goon-Boy laughed his silly billy-goat laugh and said, "They ain't no-where's near us; is they, General Custer?" Then damned fools couldn't hit the side of a hare if we were in inside it. I always said them Chinks couldn't shoot for hell.

"Speaking of shooting, Goon-Boy. Where were YOU when the lights went out? I didn't hear you joining in the festivities. Did you use up all your ammo shooting at me?"

"Shut, General Custer. I didn't want to get in trouble? What the hell do you think we are in? God knows how many miles behind the enemy line with a whole gook rifle company on our tails."

"Well, that there feller said they was (Continued on page 47)



Wounded Allied, S. Korean soldiers taken to field hospital at rear of lines.

one had been gathering turpentine in the piney woods back home. There was a pine smell mixed with the snow, from all the green gashes in the trees. Goon-Boy's helmet came up out of the debris like a turtle surfacing for air. He looked around and said, "Jee-sas. What they throwin' so much scrap iron at us for?"

"It's Chinese New Year's," I mumbled. "Keep your head down. They must figure us for a big patrol."

"Hell's Balls, there's only two of us."

"A little louder, you jerk. I don't think they heard you." He blinked at me a couple of times before he got it. Then a sly grin of bayoneted carcasses crossed his morose face. I felt sick in

allisame got shot and hot coffee by God."

WE COULD see them now. Dumbly looking grey allisamies among the pines. There were five of them mashing down through the snow in a diamond formation right out of the book. The point man was doing all the chattering. We just kept buttoned-up and let him rave on as they came closer.

I didn't envy them. Somewhere up on the ridge was a large fat Commissar with a passion for playing things cool. He'd sent out a feeder patrol ahead of his company to see if there was anyone left after the shelling.

I hated to do it. Not because I felt sorry for the five Gooks. But I knew

by ROBERT BERGER

MORE SEX MEANS

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par? Or is it below par?
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S

A BETTER LIFE!



FOR SOME YEARS now, considerable research has been done into determining what is the average sex life of the normal, healthy male. It is recognized among scientists that this average, or mean, is not necessarily the ideal state. However, by determining it, we can use it as a norm from which departures either upward or downward can be calculated.

As an average, it by definition falls exactly in the middle. Thus, there should be just as many men whose sex lives are lower as there are those whose performance is higher. Nevertheless it is offered, without prejudice, as a guideline from which the individual can calculate where he himself stands. Just as a matter of clarification, about 35% of all men are estimated to fall within five percent of this average.

The test which is given below is by no means the exact scientific examination that has been widely used in determining this average. For our purposes, we have simplified it by combining the many detailed questions into a few broad items. However, by and large, it covers in broad outline the substance of the project. By taking it and grading yourself honestly and fairly, you can decide where you should be placed. Remember, no one is watching you. So you have nothing at all to gain by cheating. In fact, the only one who can be cheated is you, yourself. The test itself falls into two broad categories, mental and physical. The former checking your reactions and stimulations by imaginary or non-involvement situations; the latter is concerned with your direct physical reactions. Together, they give a fairly accurate picture of your basic sexual makeup; without explaining why this is so, merely stating what that makeup is.

(Continued on page 39)



WHAT'S NUDE WITH YOU?



One look at Nina Barrott and you realize there is more to London than weak tea and fog. Nina speaks with a cockney accent and has difficulty with her 'aiches'. But one thing for sure, Nina has no trouble catching a girl-watcher's eye!





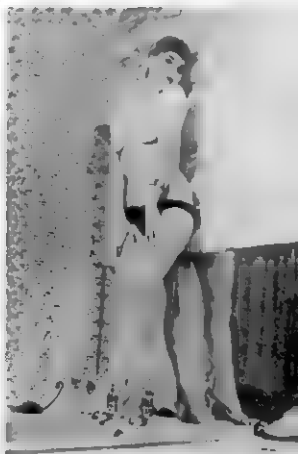
**WHAT'S
NUDE
WITH
YOU?**

G





Nina has a three room pad in Soho, where many other British models, artists and starlets live. Her life there is fun and exciting—as it should be, for a shapely swinger like Nina!





Red Hot Love Potions-- Guaranteed Or Money Back



Named after an insatiable Russian empress, the "Catherine" is gaining great popularity among the swinging set. It literally drives women up the walls even if they've taken only a drop!

THE GIRL WAS SITTING cross-legged on the floor of the smoky cellar club in Manhattan's Greenwich Village, her Levi's stretched taut along her thighs. Her head, above the open-necked man's shirt, was swaying forward and back in time to the rhythmic drum solo. She stopped now and then to drink from the tall glass in her hand. Three male companions were seated on the floor—their heads, too, moving to the steady, tuneless beat.

Similar groups, in which men outnumbered the women, filled the room from wall to wall. Some were also sitting on the floor, others on barrel seats and benches at wooden tables. Waiters moved slowly through the crowd with trays of drinks.

The music seemed to go on endlessly, building up a tension that threatened to explode at any moment. Glasses were emptied and refilled. A new urgency crept into the relentless beat.

Suddenly the girl put down her empty glass and started unbuttoning her shirt. Her hands shook as she pulled it open, while her shoulders swayed. Calmly, the three men watched her, waiting.

Then she stood up and slipped out of the shirt, throwing it aside. She raised her hands high, a frenzied expression on her face as she writhed in a bizarre dance. With a sudden cry, she dropped her hands to her waist and began struggling with the belt of her Levi's.

As if by signal, two of the men got up and lifted her between them. Her head fell back and she moaned as they carried her through a door in the rear of the room. Someone tossed the shirt back to the third man, who, still seated on the floor, folded it casually and put it down beside his glass.

Such scenes are fairly common today in places where they serve a drink called the "Catharine." Of course, few bartenders know how to prepare this concoction, although more are learning daily. In addition, its mysterious "Ingredient X" is in short supply and extremely expensive. One of these potent potions costs anywhere from \$1.50 to \$5.00—depending on the "guarantee" that goes with it. The more it is supposed to loosen the morals and increase the "prowess" of those who drink it, the higher its price.

The Catharine got its name from the fact that its one readily-obtainable component is vodka, plus the fact that a famous Russian Empress, Catharine the Great, was perhaps the most insatiable woman in history. Her death has been attributed, by some biographers, to her unbridled lust and the means by which she tried to appease it. It was during her reign, it is believed, that the potion originated. Whether Catharine the Great invented the drink herself, no one can say. However, it has been established that some of the Csars and their courtiers, including many ranking Cossack officers, used the potion to "soften-up" the buxom peasant wenches they recruited for their frequent winter hunting-lodge orgies.

Not long ago, press agents for the rum industry were beating the bongo drums for an exotic drink called the Zombie, emphasizing that no bartender should serve more than one per customer. More than that was supposed to put him under the table. The whole thing, of course, was just a big publicity build-up.

While no build-up is needed or intended for the Catharine, it can be accurately stated that it, too, puts people under the table. But this aphrodisiac doesn't

put them there in an unconscious stupor; those who imbibe the Catharine become immediately active in the most uninhibited fashion, as witness the young lady described at the start of this article.

It was for this very reason that New York City club owners started forbidding their bartenders to serve this drink. In making this decree, they had the full backing of police. This, despite the fact that not a single state or city in the country has passed a statute forbidding sale of the potion.

IN RECENT MONTHS, as incidents arising from use of the Catharine have increased, pressure to end its sale has also increased. But this doesn't mean that the second cousin to the Screwdriver and the Bloody Mary is unobtainable. Far from it. For a price, and assuming that the bartender knows its formula, you can buy a Catharine at your corner bar. In addition, the drink is fast becoming the favorite beverage for certain intimate cocktail parties among the well-heeled. Needless to say, such events become increasingly intimate as the per-capita consumption of Catharines rises. At such functions, as well as at private club affairs, a few bartenders who know the secret combination and also have a source of supply for the magical "Ingredient X" are now very much in demand on their off days or after regular hours. One of them recently commented to this reporter on his newfound source of income.

"I've tended bar at private parties for years, and the pay was always good," he said. "But I never dreamed there was anything like the racket I've got now. Ever since I took the first bottle of 'stuff' along and started mixing it up with slurs of vodka like I did in the old place, I've had it made. The lowest I ever got paid for one party was \$100, and my cost for the stuff is only \$25. Sometimes I've been paid as high as \$150 or \$200, besides all I wanted to drink and eat and any dimes that were left over. And man, there was some real dolls sometimes!"

"No, I won't tell you where we get the stuff and how we mix it, but I can tell you it's right off the boat. Genuine imported, know what I mean? Mind you, there ain't a thing wrong with it legally. It ain't dope or anything like that they can build a rap out of. All it does is make a dame feel real friendly like, know what I mean? And a guy, even if he's a little shy nobody, suddenly starts swinging through the trees like Tarzan after any dame in sight."

THERE'S WORD FROM a midwestern college that also has a bearing on the subject of Catharines. It seems that the annual spring "pantie raid" was being planned, and one of the male students came up with the idea of smuggling some Catharines into the girls' dorms ahead of time.

"What's with this Catharine jass?" the fraternity president wanted to know.

"Don't be square!" the man-about-town replied. "It's the coolest little love potion on the market. A friend of mine who's a bartender told me about it."

On the evening of the raid, a lot of half-pint cartons filled with vodka and potion "X" were sent in along with the regular supply of milk for the girls' study break.

As it turned out, the pantie raid never took place. Instead, half an hour before (Continued on page 42)



my dear, you'll have to drink a little champagne. It'll evoke the right response—"

Lily got the business and it went on film.

HOOKED firmly, the model agency "director"—one of the numerous slimy procurers in a multi-million dollar business—switched Lily Jameson to posing in clothes for a change.

"You'll carry a hatbox. You'll carry the hatbox as proudly as a badge, my dear Here's an address. If anybody should question you, tell them you're a reputable model."

Lily didn't like the work. He was a big client, so he said, and if he was going to use her picture in a thousand magazines, Lily naturally had to come across too. Good plain business, the smiling gent told her.

The ash blonde from Ashtabula was not only hooked firmly, she was positively landed. There was no way out. The "director" had her on film in pornography that would shame a strikin. When Lily threatened to quit the next day, the "director", far from being upset, said it was perfectly agreeable with him but he wondered what the district attorney's office would say if the blistering pictures of Lily and all those hairy-chested men ever were brought to public notice.



"But that's art!" Lily protested. "You yourself said it was art—romantic art!"

"How true, how true!" the "director" sympathized. "But the DA wouldn't look at it quite that way. In fact, my dear Lily, he'd clap you in jail. What would the folks back home say when they read the New York papers?"

Lily cried her eyes out. The "director's" balm was another hundred-dollar bill pressed into her hands. And another name and address:

"Take your hatbox with you, Lily. And remember, if anybody wants to know, you're a model—a professional model!"

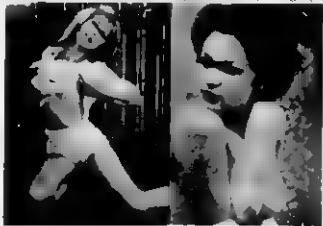
Lily went on to the next bedtime job...

LITERALLY thousands of Lily Jamesons (pseudonym) have been shanghaied into ignominy by the R— Agencies around the nation. There are, unfortunately, thousands of these filth shops.

One of the more lucrative and bold-faced methods of pandering these days, the phoney model agency lures nice, clean (in many instances stage-struck girls) victims into their hideous business. Unless the girl has the intelligence to run to the police (which most of them don't or are too afraid to), they eventually turn up as full-time prostitutes and call girls.

Recent State and Federal investigations are constantly turning up more and (Continued on page 44)

The screen new model is asked to pose for gets steadily bolder and sexier. The next step is all-out pornography.



We had to get Ann away from the museum—and fast! One fellow atop our boat's
front could be relied to the library greatly collecting hanging from the Piquet Hotel



THONGED BY THE NECK, the brunette was as good as dead. While the New Guinean pygmies danced around her, she seemed to be staring at the four skulls glaring down at her from the tree stump. Her name was Ann Harbor—like in Michigan—and her one mission in life was not to be the fifth skull thonged from that tree. At forty yards, I watched, while Jack Willis prayed. She was beyond prayer now and I knew it.

There must have been fifty of them. There were only two of us. Unfettered and waiting for a chance to liberate Ann Harbor, I held the knife tightly while Jack squeezed the rifle.

"Ready—" he whispered.

"Ready as I'll ever be."

"You've got a lot of guts."

"The knife?"

"What else?"

"She's the one with the guts, Jack" I whispered. "I'd have passed out."

"That makes two of us," he said. "If those bastards were dancing all around me I'd have given up hope long ago."

"When do we attack?" I asked. "Got a grenade handy?"

"Yeah. Whenever you're ready," he replied. He looked at me. The sick kind of look. I knew what he meant. I was scared stiff myself.

All I could think of was those skulls.

It was March 25, 1945. Ann Harbor was a nurse—an extraordinary nurse. Aside from being built like a brickyard, she looked something like Ava Gardner and a little more beautiful. I don't know who loved her more, Jack Willis or I, but she was the reason I was willing to lay my life on the line. And she was Jack's reason, too.

We were American coast watchers and she was an Australian. The rest was chemistry. There was no Ann Harbor in my life two weeks before. There were submarines galore and now and then an oddball of a survivor, but there was no nurse. She popped up on New Guinea as the result of wrongly cut orders and all she had to her name was her pride, her hatred of the Japs, and my dungarees. The "my dungarees" part is a horse of another color, and I won't go into it now, but suffice it to say she had guts—a lot of guts—and no skull-taking pygmies would run her off the island.

Ten minutes slipped by, the allotted time for Jack to take his station in the jungle. We were going to attack in two parts. It didn't make any sense to me but it did to my paisan.

FOR THE FIRST time since February 21, 1945, the guerrillas of New Guinea

(Continued on page 36)



Rescue The Blonde From The Headhunters On Pygmy Island



It was hard to believe that the fortune even existed, until somebody tried to kill Vanilla!

\$15,000,000 I FOUND THE FIVE HUNDRED YEAR OLD TREASURE OF THE STRIPPER OF KABUL

BY NTHONY WILSON

YOU NEVER CAN TELL about a dame by looking at her. The sweetest, gentlest types, who wouldn't open their mouths to save their lives can sometimes bring a man nothing but trouble; while on the other hand, the roughest, toughest gals, with the morals of an alley cat and voices to put a foghorn to shame can be as calm and serene as a woodland lake on a sunny, windless day.

Then there's Vanilla! Late, you heard me. Her name really is Vanilla. It's on her passport and William Rogers wouldn't lie! How would you place her? Well, it's hard to say. She's beautiful. Anyone will admit that. She's tough. Half the honky-tonk proprietors from Suez to Hong Kong will testify to that. Her morals? Well, she's not as loose as an alleycat, but she's got an female rabbit beat six to one. Yet when it comes to all flavors of the female of the world, I'll definitely take Vanilla.

You want to see Vanilla? That's easy. Pay the man the cover charge, tip the waiter an extra tin, and if you're lucky, you'll get a seat right down at ringside. From there you can't miss her—any of her. Vanilla strips—but I mean strips—and don't let that G-string fool you, it's only painted on with eyebrow pencil and a stick

That's Vanilla you're staring at, ever last luxurious square inch.

So there we were in Kabul, Afghanistan. Vanilla was stranded and I—well, I had a job on my mind, trying to teach the poor, benighted natives the ins and outs of American machinery. Mark you, the job paid. But who wants to spend the rest of his life in outville in the hills? Even at fifteen hundred a month I mean what good's money if you've nothing on nobody to spend it on?

And then came Vanilla. And everything changed. She had what I was interested in. I mean those twin smokestacks really made the old locomotive purr. But man, she made beautiful noises together. Wallaballoo!

Then came the night when this character tried to scrag her. He came creeping through the garden like the front door hadn't been invented. He was definitely no peeping Tom. Why peep when he could see her for trees without half the trouble. She was sitting by the dressing table powdering her prettiness after an old-fashioned she-in and she-in, when suddenly she grabs a her wrap and screams!

I jumped up from the neo-sustained time to see this cloth-eat character. CONTINUE ON NEXT PAGE

STRIPPER OF KABUL

pointing his hot rod in the general direction of her stacks. From the look on his face he meant business, too, so, strictly in the interest of protecting the only satisfying partner I'd found in better than a year, I picked up the first thing that was handy—it happened to be a hairbrush—and heaved it in the general direction previously specified.

It spoiled his aim. Bang goes the pistol and plaster starts shimmering down from a mighty hole that suddenly appeared in the ceiling. Along about that time, Vanilla and I both hit the floor.

We heard rustling in the bushes as if the prowler was heading elsewhere, but we didn't take any chances. We crawled—on our bellies like a couple of snakes—out of that room and headed for the nearest phone. At a time like that, the cops can be awfully handy.

What did that get us? Strictly nothing. The fuzz buzzed around for an hour or so then informed us triumphantly that someone had been prowling around. They also opined that he had fired a pistol and with great scientific deduction opined that

it was a 9 mm Parabellum. This on the basis of an empty cartridge case they found which had the words 9 mm Parabellum neatly imprinted in the casehead. That's what you call detective work. But shrewd!

The mighty law shoved off after warning us that an incident like that could have been dangerous and adding the caution that it was possible the prowler might return. If so, we were instructed to notify them immediately—at headquarters where they'd be waiting.

So now that our safety was so impressively assured, something started jogging at my mind. Namely, if someone was out to do in Vanilla and I happened to get in the way, I might end up just as dead as she was. And while I'm not exactly terrified of dying, it's nice to know what you're dying for. I so informed Vanilla.

Vanilla promptly began to cry.

That, obviously wasn't going to solve anything. I told her so. I also told her that since I happened to be paying the rent on this garden apartment, I figured I had the right to share in her sorrows, especially since they might turn out to be my sorrows too.

"I don't know what he wants," she bawled, "but I think it must have been the man who came to see me after the show yesterday."

"What man?" I demanded.

SHE SHRUGGED. "I never saw him before and he didn't tell me his name. I think he's English. He sounded English. He said he wanted the papers my agent gave me. But I

don't have any papers from my agent. Remember, I told you. That SOB set the whole thing up by phone from Karachi. And now he's walked out with my whole advance and here I am working for hardly nothing at all and if I didn't have you to support me I'd probably be walking the streets in the native quarter begging for rupes or rubles or whatever they have and he didn't give me any papers, not even a contract which he keeps in his safe, and now they want to kill me for them and what can I do now." She began to bawl again.

"But what's that got to do with shooting at you?" I asked.

"That's what he said he'd do when I told him at the club. If I didn't give them to him he'd see to it that I got what was coming to me."

"Why didn't you tell me about it when it happened?"

"It didn't make sense," she explained, calming down slowly. "Why should I bother you with all this when I haven't got what he wants. Have I?"

"You've got what I want, honey," I told her, "and if he doesn't want that, he's definitely got something loose rattling around inside his head. But let's start thinking, for a change. You must have something from your agent."

"Not a thing."

"This I do not believe," I informed her. "For just consider, even your blonde little head could not retain all the stops on your tour—AND the dates—AND the names of the club managers or owners—AND the schedules of trains, planes and buses to take you to and fro."

Exploring for oil in desert. Valuable resource has made mid-east countries among wealthiest in world.





Kabul is a city of intrigue. Women dress with veils, as they did centuries ago.

"Oh, my itinerary! I've got that list that's not PAPERS. That's just a list."

"Well, now icing," I slapped her on the behind, "you just trot off and get me that list and let's examine it. Maybe there's more in this than meets the eye."

Now if by papers, you mean more than one sheet, it was definitely papers that Vanilla brought back with her. Four neatly typed pages, ever so carefully stapled together.

Even to my untrained eye, it leapt out at me. "Vanilla honey, when did he send you this list?"

"March I think—or maybe the very beginning of April."

"Strange," I said. This letter's dated 14th of November 564/11. And look at the year. I don't want to be futuristic, or even deny the glory of the late George Orwell, but I think I can definitely say this isn't 1964. Yet that's what it says 14/11/54. Peculiar. Don't you think?"

"Mm," said Vanilla. "But why would anyone do a silly thing like that?"

"Could be a code, my sail-stacked beauty. Let's try it. Suppose we take the fourteenth letter of the eleventh word."

"Silly, there aren't any words with fourteen letters—or eleven either. And there isn't an eighty-four letter word in the whole world."

Now it was my turn. "Mm."

We played around with it for three solid hours before it all sprang into focus. It was simple. The fourteenth

word and every eleventh word following. There were eighty-four words in all. And when we were all done, we just sat back in amazement. This wasn't just an itinerary. It was the key to a fortune. There, in black and white were the directions for finding the treasure of one Jalal-ud-Din.

Jalal-ud-Din, I've since discovered, was the warrior son of one of the last Shahs of Persia before the great conquest of Genghis Khan. At one point in his life, when almost defeated by the Mongol ruler, he, and a few followers, broke through the Khan's army and made off for the safety of India. But being pursued, they stopped in the mountains of Afghanistan and carefully hid their royal treasure before continuing on. On several occasions, Jalal-ud-Din came close to reestablishing himself in Iran. But while he was undoubtedly a first rate general, he was a terrible politician and the squabbling of his supporters caused his army to waste more time fighting among itself than in resisting the Mongols. Jalal was never able to unite a large enough force to win a decisive victory and died a fugitive in the Kurdish desert. This was over 500 years ago.

But we didn't know anything about that at the time. However we were convinced of one thing. If the information was worth killing for, somebody figured it was legit. And if it came to a choice of collecting the loot for ourselves or leaving it to others, there wasn't much to argue

about. One thing we were sure of. We had the information. They didn't. We knew where the stuff was cached. They didn't. We knew where we were going. They didn't. True, Vanilla's agent could always send another message. But with the Afghans on the lookout for the prowler—and with the complete description Vanilla was going to give them, it was going to be difficult to get that message delivered—at least in time to do anything about it. Once we had the loot out and safely banked, they'd have a tough time claiming any of it. When it comes to 500 year old treasures, possession's more than nine points of the law. It's the whole works.

WE TOOK OFF the next morning, after dropping by the police station for the last piece of essential business. A four-wheel drive jeep can get you around even in the northeastern Afghan hills. We followed the highway about halfway to Herat, to the town of Daulat Yar, and then turned north on a dirt road.

From that point on, it was all uphill. Wild country? Brother you don't know what wild is, unless maybe you'd consider the Chihuahuan desert, stood straight up on its end as an equivalent. It was dry, it was empty, it was dead—and it was up. Even herdsmen don't do so well in that part of the world.

Yet it must have people in it. Even in Afghanistan—or maybe I should say, especially in Afghanistan—they don't have roads, dirt or any other kind, that don't lead somewhere and to somebody. Probably in the next valley over, or something like that—but no far as we went, there was nothing.

The directions were specific. They even told the mileage—by speedometer reading in tents of a mile, exactly how far to go. We knew we weren't being followed, because from the high point on our drive, we could look back for twenty or thirty miles. There wasn't a soul in sight. But even so, we pulled the jeep off the road and hid it from view behind a convenient hillside. We even went back and brushed out the tire tracks, to make sure no one would spot us.

Now we had to hike. I don't mind it, but I learned within twenty minutes that Vanilla is definitely not the outdoor type. Even with a fortune practically in sight, she complained every foot of the way. Her shoes weren't comfortable. The rocks were "messy." The ground was too hot. Her dress was getting dirty. The hills were too high to climb. The hills were too steep to go down. You name it, she complained about it. And you only have to read about it, I had to listen to it for five solid hours!

When we reached the specified location, it was hard to believe we were actually there. The landscape looked

(Continued on page 41)

come they never caught her. I used to watch that girl disappear into the jungle as if she owned it. Nothing scared her—and I do mean nothing. She would come up to our little cave with presents of native blowguns and trinkets like that, and she'd expect Willis and myself to congratulate her on the find! What I really wanted to do was throttle her. But I never got the chance. The Pygmies got Ann Harbor first.

For my part, coast watching had its great rewards in knowing that one did a job well. Beyond the satisfaction of causing incalculable damage to the enemy, beyond even the rescue of sixty Allied airmen over two years, coast watching paid off in the vital relay of information at the right time. I don't think Jack Willis or I ever forgot that.

Now, watching her thonged to the deadwood branch of the tree, I had the queasy feeling that more than just fifty or so Pygmies were still in the jungle. Scared, you call it? Sweat ribbed down my hands and face, and my throat felt as dry as powder. I lay crouched in a shallow trench waiting for Willis's grenade to go off. I was the one with the knife. My job was to free Ann of the skulls and get her the hell out of there.

TIME DRAGGED. Now, they were dancing. I listened to the voices of fifty restless chanters and I looked at the pole. The brunette was as good as dead, no matter how well Willis threw that grenade. Then I heard her:

"The Lord is my shepherd,
I shall not want.

He leadeth me into green pastures . . ."

I didn't blame her for praying. I was praying myself.

Play with fire and you're bound to get burned. I thought of all those times when she'd come through the jungle, singing at the top of her lungs and making a mockery of the things we really feared the most on Pygmy lale—headhunters. With their blowguns, poison arrows, and knack of disappearing into the jungle before one's very eyes, they are not people to fool around with.

Mosquitoes droned around my head. My shirt was soaked. I gripped the knife like it was part of me and cursed Jack.

Suddenly it came. The blinding crash and race of flame that meant a grenade going off. I rushed forward. I could see the confusion and panic ahead of me. I could only hope that Jack's long wait hadn't affected his aim. And that Ann was unharmed. I plunged into the center of the human maelstrom of panicking humanity.

Pygmies were running in all directions, apparently undecided as to where safety lay. Some of them

SPECIAL INTEREST FILMS

ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY

THE LORD OF THE RINGS (PG)
The story of the war between good and evil in a mythical world. Directed by Peter Jackson. (PG) (1978) (120 min.) (Color) (Dolby Stereo) (MCA Home Video, Inc.)

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Sweden

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were disappearing into and hiding in the heavy thickets of the New Guinea jungle. I hacked away at whoever got in my way. It was nauseating in a way—like hacking away at children. It was terrifying, too. Because these little people were not childlike. They were as ferocious and as lethal as any savages remaining in the uncivilized reaches of the world.

I ran my blade through a small white-haired man who was trying to bite my knee. And I reached Ann. She was unconscious. Quickly, I ripped through the thongs and grabbed her hands. Unaware of me or anything else in that scene of mad confusion, she couldn't stand up. I slapped her face.

"Ann—Ann! Wake up! You've got to help me!" She seemed to sigh and her beautiful body sagged against me.

"We have to run for it. It's our only chance!"

Half carrying and half dragging her, I started up the mountain to the cave. She rallied a little and I could feel the life coming back to her limbs. Ann was able to run now with the frenzy of the hunted. Death was in back of us and all around, and what remained ahead was up to us.

THE PYGMIES were in hot pursuit. Their blood-curdling battle cries were beating into our ears in a terrifying cacophony. Enraged at the possibility of losing not only one head but a second—mine—they exhorted each other to fantastic efforts. They began throwing stones, and then, most dreaded of all, started using the blowguns.

My breath was coming in agonized gasps and I thought my throat was cut, it ached so much. Ann, mouth open, was white with terror and I wondered how long she'd keep up the frantic pace. Taking advantage of a large boulder in the path, I stepped behind it and waited for the vanguard of the wild-eyed Pygmies.

He was a young man with bulging muscles and powerful little bowlegs that pumped like pistons as he tore up the hill after us. I waited for him to pass the boulder by a few feet and then lunged after him with the knife pointed.

It was something I'd seen in a movie, a flying leap through the air. I cleaved him from his shoulder blade to his hip bone. Jumping over the gory mess, Ann and I flung ourselves up the hill with our last reserves of strength.

There was a plunging movement in the jungle underbrush to the right. It was Jack. Blowguns were sailing past us from all directions and I think I yelled "Duck!" to Jack.

I heard shooting. Jack was trying

to cover our retreat. He must have had time to get the rifle. Just then a dizzying, sharp pain hit my shoulder. I remembered reading about poisoned darts. In seconds the victim would feel an unbearable burning in every vein and agonizing convulsions would jerk and tumble his body, causing arms and legs to flail out in an unbearably painful motion which nothing could stop.

I WAS DETERMINED to make my last few seconds count, to get Ann to the cave and the protection of Jack.

A Pygmy jumped me from a tree. I plunged my knife across his throat, severing his head from his grotesque little body.

We were almost there now. With a spurt of energy dragged from my body by some primeval urge, I half lifted, half threw Ann into the cave and stumbled in after her. Seconds later, Jack followed.

For seconds we lay there, sobbing for breath and gasping for life.

The dart wasn't poisoned. I was still alive. I felt nothing. I looked at Ann.

I got out of the cave and left them alone the way it was supposed to be. A few moments later, Jack Willis came out and joined me. He said she was waiting for me. Waiting for me! I didn't get it. I thought she was Jack's girl.

"I don't understand," I said.

"She's your woman."

"Mine?"

"Who else's?"

"I always thought she was yours, Relly."

The way it went on, we gave Ann Harbor a wide berth. She needed it. Shock. I guess the shock went all around. I thought she would be the fifth skull and so did Jack. God alone knows how we did it.

In November of 1945 the war was over and Jack Willis and I returned to the States. The girl who was the root of our trouble—our real trouble—returned to Australia wiser and more hip to the ways of coast watching. We took a lot of Japs out of New Guinea, but the real trouble—Pygmies—are still there. I guess they always will be. New Guinea is just a memory at this point, and I guess Ann Harbor has nine kids by some Melbourne taxi driver.

I wouldn't know.

MORE SEX

(Continued from page 21)

1. Do you have erotic daydreams (a) constantly; (b) daily; (c) occasionally?

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frimale is one of the most common male reactions. They are a part of over 90% of all men's experience. However those who have constant erotic imaginings are definitely in the great minority. The lack of ability to concentrate on anything else but sex marks a juvenile mind. Wonderful as sex may be, there are other facets in life that must be faced. Only about one in every eighty men has anything approaching this fixation. If you have answered B, you are also in a minority, but of a different kind. To think of erotic dreams as a daily happening is not at all unusual for a man with a low order of sexual life. It's a form of actual sex release for those who have no other means of satisfaction. Usually such a tremendously regular form of daydreaming would mean you are not getting sufficient physical sex. Thinking about sex is one thing and quite healthy, but daydreaming it daily is not. However more than 75% that is three out of every four men have occasional erotic daydreams. C is the normal, average answer.

II. Does erotic or pornographic literature stimulate you (a) whenever you read it; (b) usually but not always; (c) only when it's first-rate stuff?

Answer A, is the mark of a man who is not getting enough sexual satisfaction in normal ways. To the man who gets physical satisfaction, reading about sex can, if repeated often enough, get boring. The truly average, healthy man would find answer B fitting him. Most men do get stimulated by reading about sex, though not all the time. In actual tests, seventy out of every hundred were found to be stimulated by about 3/4 of everything they read in the sex field. If you answered C, you are probably listing at least one symptom of the undersexed man. For here you are saying it is difficult to arouse me; only if you work like hell can you succeed. Sex stimulation should be a spontaneous outburst stemming from your own inner self, not necessarily dependent on artistry for fruition.

III. When you imagine sex, do you think of yourself making love to (a) wife; (b) mistress; (c) a prostitute.

If you think about it for a few moments you will see that this is a slightly trick question and the joke is in answer C. Obviously if, with the entire world to imagine you content yourself with prostitutes, you are probably in a pretty bad way, sexually speaking. One would suspect that prostitutes form the bulk of your women, that you have such an opinion of yourself that you find it difficult to even imagine a woman giving herself to you without payment. Answer C would indicate that

you are well below par in your general sex life. But the other two answers are almost meaningless. Men who answer A are indicating that they are completely happy in their marriages, nothing more. Those who answer B, are either not content with their wives or are not married at all. A second group who answer (A) might be those who are either deeply in love or are about to be married. And that's about all that would indicate.

IV. Have you attend "stag shows" (a) often; (b) once or twice; (c) never?

Anyone who states that they never went to such a show or party because there never was one, or they never could find one, has a very low sexual interest. Never is a long time. And while it's true that there MIGHT be such an individual, most men do get the opportunity sometime in their lives. More than 94% of all men checked had been to them. The men who had never gone were invariably in the lowest sexual percentage, provided they were at least 18 years of age. Below that age, there is not great correlation, since admittedly there often is lack of opportunity in the lower and middle teens. Once or twice is also an indication of below average sex. To have had so little interest that one is satisfied with the very minimum indicates a low interest in sex itself. Often, meaning as often as possible, which for most men is anywhere from five to ten occasions is the average. And that is where 81% of all men are found.

WE NOW LEAVE the first part of the test covering mental attitude. Since mental attitude covers just under half of the subject, to fit with the scientific results you could score yourself 11 points for each correct answer. Score six points if you were in the second rank. Score two points if you picked an answer indicating an undersexed condition.

How many women have you had relations with (a) 1; (b) 2 to 4; (c) more than 5?

Here we are talking about all types of normal sex relations and including all women, both those you managed to seduce or marry and those you paid. We're not going to beat around the bush here. The correct answer is C. In fact, the average number for all men is over 5 by several numbers. When worked out arithmetically, it comes to a fraction over eight women. The average man has married more than 1 (several divorces and remarriages account for this), has seduced a fraction over two; and has paid for five women during his lifetime. While answer B would be acceptable in that it would indicate a man some ten to fifteen points below the basic average, answer A would indicate a highly under-

sexed male.

VI. A. If you are married, what is the frequency of your sex activity (a) 1 a week; (b) 4 a week (c) 7 or more a week?

It's understood of course that working out an exact figure in this case is impossible. Due to variations in frequency for many causes, there is never a consistency week after week the year round. Nor, unless we were to offer an answer for every frequency from once a week to once a day could we cover every possibility. Therefore we suggest that you pick the number closest. That twice a week would be closest to (a); while three times a week would be closest to (b). This question is looking at averages, not major peaks or valleys. Everyone has had occasions when they outperformed Casanova and other times when their interest was very, very low. Now we're not trying to be tricky here. We'd guess that most of you knew the average even before we asked the question. Actually, for all men tested and questioned, a works out to 3.54 per week, closest to answer (b). The second greatest number of responses were below that figure, so answer (a) would be closer to normal averages. Those who can honestly answer (c) can be proud of themselves. Only 15% of all men questioned could come up to that figure. So even though in this category they lose points, we are certain they are happy to do so. Any mathematicians among our readers may notice an oddity here in the exact use of the mathematical number "PI".

Whether there is a natural scientific relationship is definitely something that warrants a great deal more investigation. Several of the scientists felt that the number could not possibly be a coincidence.

B. If you are unmarried what is the frequency of your sex activity (a) 1 a month; (b) 1 a week; (c) 3 or more a week?

Sex activity of all types must be included here since the availability of opportunity is far less simple for the unmarried male. But here the results are simpler to calculate, for while there is little doubt that bachelors would prefer a far greater sex frequency, the average as before is answer (b). Answer (c), while closer to the average for married men does not in any way prove a greater sex life is above average for the unmarried group it is nothing particularly unusual. Those who answered (a) are definitely living a below average sex life and might be demonstrating an indication of a sub-par drive.

VII. When away from home, such as going on out of town trips, do you make it a habit to visit prostitutes (a) regularly; (b) occasionally; (c) rarely?

We are not trying to discuss moralality here. These are matters of fact,

and make no attempt to assess your general character or the worthiness of visiting such women. For it has been shown that the overwhelming number of men DO visit prostitutes at some time or other. The only indication is whether your sex drives are such as to demand some ordinary type of satisfaction. And here we do find that more than 50% of all men questioned do visit a prostitute on out-of-town trips regularly, provided they are not accompanied on the trips by their families. When in the company of friends, such visits are even on a higher percentage. Strange enough, the second largest number of men, over 30% answered (c) rarely. This seems to demonstrate that the use of prostitutes is a yes or no thing, either you do so regularly or you don't do it. The occasional visitor on such types of trips is a fairly uncommon type of man, amounting to only a little over 10%. This indicates, according to reasons given by the respondents that most men want the opportunity for sexual activity when away from home and have less compunction about using prostitutes in strange areas than they do in familiar surrounding. Anders were almost identical whether given by married or unmarried men.

VIII When at home do you visit prostitutes: (a) regularly; (b) occasionally; (c) rarely?

Here again there is close similarity to the answers given by both married and unmarried men. The most common answer, given by some 40% is (b), occasionally. Apparently the feeling is that while it is fun or useful for a change, most men dislike having to pay for sex in their own locales. It seems to be a point of honor that men try to win sex from non-professional sources if possible. This is equally true of married men who's opportunities for extra-curricular sex is considerably less than the bachelors. However it must be noted that the frequency of such usage is somewhat higher among the unmarried men than among the husbands, probably because the need for sex satisfaction is obviously so much greater. The frequency among bachelors is rated at about 4 times a year; while among married men it runs to just under twice a year. Scientists were rather surprised that the second greatest group, amounting to about 33 percent gave answer (a) regularly. They were even more surprised to discover that this group was heavily inflated by married men; actually some 37% of married men gave this answer. In a large number of cases, this use of prostitutes was with the full knowledge and consent of their wives who send their husbands to such women for one of two reasons. First, many women recognizing a male's natural desire for sex variety, prefer to have their

husbands achieve it from women who are not and cannot be rivals in any shape or form. Second, a large number of women urge their husbands to fulfill sexual needs with paid companions during the wife's normal lunar inactivity. Answer (c) definitely got a respectable number of responses, 27%. Any group of more than one out of every four men can hardly be called an insignificant minority.

IX. At the conclusion of your regular type of sexual activity do you feel (a) worn out; (b) ready for more; (c) contented and fully satisfied?

The value of anyone's sex life, regardless of type, frequency, variety, ultimately depends on what you get out of it in the way of satisfaction. Quite obviously (c) would be the ideal answer, the one that everyone should strive for. But we're not looking for ideals but rather determining an average result. And the largest number of men answering this question, or submitting to testing, gave answer (a). When analyzed this does not prove that the average man is weak or undersexed. Quite the contrary. Apparently the male takes on as much sex as he possibly can, sometimes even more. He concentrates that activity with multiple satisfactions until he can't take any more. Then, the usual result is for him to roll over and go to sleep. Answer (c) was given by the second largest group. Only a few men replied with answer (b), probably because when the opportunity of sex is present, most men don't quit wanting still more.

So total up your score, giving yourself the same weighted figures as in the mental section; eleven for a correct answer; six for a second choice; two for a third choice.

The results are obviously going to show how near the average you stand. The absolutely average man would get a full score of 99. But the man who can exactly fill the average on the head is a great rarity. If you wound up with anything over the score of 70, you can honestly list yourself as someone with a pretty average sex life, neither outstanding nor shamefully low. If you scored between 45 and 70, you should make a careful analysis of the figures to discover whether your result was due to excessive sex or not. However if your score ranked below 45, anything down to the minimum of 18, your sex life definitely needs some change. And what kind of a change, only you know best.

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LOVE POTIONS

(Continued from page 27)

the boys were to commence operations, a surprise counter attack on the men's dorms was launched by about 111 position-cramped coeds!

Hollywood has done its part in spreading the fame of the Catharine, although along the Sunset Strip it has been called "Venus' Boilemmaker," "Aphrodite's Asperitif," and "Vir-Gin and Tonic." One producer, who loves to toss lavish parties around his king-size swimming pool for flocks of would-be starlets, had a close call one night because of "Catharine." He was almost drowned and had to be given artificial respiration after his guests went berserk from imbibing too many of the potent cocktails and pulled him into the pool. Since then, the story goes, he has hired a full-time teetotaling life guard.

Another tale from the celluloid capital is of the practical joker who spilled a prominent star's ketchup with a double Catharine during a shooting break. The next scene was in a bedroom, with the action, of course, to be kept well within Code standards. From the moment the star giggled across the set, the director began to have doubts. When she slipped off her robe, he really began to worry. But when she began wrestling with the male lead, he knew the end had come.

"Cut! Cut!" he shouted, but no one paid any attention to him. The next day, 500 feet of the hottest film ever to come out of Hollywood had to be burned—(although some claim that at least one print was made and is still being shown in private projection rooms to appreciative audiences).

THE NEAREST a leading pharmaceutical authority could come to pinpointing the Catharine's secret ingredient was to admit that it must contain a percentage of true aphrodisiac.

"There are such things, of course," he said, "such as yohimbine, an African herb extract. In addition, we know that alcohol itself can serve as a stimulant when taken in sufficient quantities, but not in excess. It is possible that by blending a mixture of something like yohimbine and other similar elements with a compatible alcohol base (of which vodka by itself is a very good example), there could result a powerful stimulant.

"Also," the scientist continued, "it is quite reasonable to assume that the acidity or alkalinity of the subject's stomach at the time of administration could in some cases work as a catalyst and bring about a very strong reaction—somewhat similar to a minor chain reaction. From what I have seen of the effects of this drink in some instances, I am strongly tempted to believe that such might be the case. The drink often has violent effects."

There is one point about the whole thing that is rather curious. Although many law enforcement agencies across

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the county have spoken, out sharply against sale of the Catharine, there has been no attempt in any quarter to pass laws which forbid its sale. This fact, plus the fact that the drink is comparatively easy to obtain, leads to one important conclusion: Any attempt to pass laws forbidding sale of the beverage would result in publicity and investigation, which could wind up by throwing the formula wide open to the public. So it is perhaps for this reason that very little has been done thus far to restrict the drink's sale in public places or anywhere.

It is a frightening thought to consider what might happen if the ingredients for preparing a Catharine were as readily available as the currently popular tranquilizer pills. But that day will probably never come—the interests who control the present supply of ingredients will see to that. They have a corner on the market and intend to keep it.

There is very little doubt that the underworld has a hand in the whole business, or soon will have. For them, it's obviously too good a thing to pass up. In this respect, it's almost the same situation as when the bootleggers and the temperance people teamed up to keep Prohibition going, long after the rest of the country realized it was a complete failure.

Everything else aside, there's no denying that something new has been added to vodka. As the cool cats say, "A Catharine? I tell you man, it's the greatest!"

Whether or not you subscribe to that theory ■ completely up to you. The potion is yours for the asking, doubtless at your own corner bar. However, you would be wise if you forgot the whole thing, for uncontrolled use of any potion or aphrodisiac can be extremely dangerous. ■ you have a problem, see your family doctor. Leave the "Catharine" and similar beverages for the cool cats . . . ■

STRIPPER OF KABUL

(Continued from page 35)

no different than anything we'd seen for the last hour. There were rocks and dust; there was sand and gravel. Here and there were bushes. There were damn few of the latter. Strange, isn't it. I've since flown over the country and it looks green. ■ Just goes to show you that you can't always believe what you see from an airplane window.

OK. The stuff was buried, if you'd call anything in that rocky country buried. But the sign was definitely there, thirteen rocks laid out in the shape of a crescent. Smart move, that. Jalal-u-Din knew that no tribesmen, no Mohammedan tribesman would disturb a crescent.

Under the middle stone. That was easy. Start from either end and the seventh stone has to be the middle. We rolled it aside. Underneath, two flat slabs of stone covered a small

crevasse. We lifted away the slabs and there it was!

What do you do when you see a fortune lying right in front of your eyes. If you're me, you just stand there and stare at it. If you're Vanilla, you squeal and dance and clap your hands. And then when you get all done, you start lifting it out.

But we were most definitely limited. We could only carry so much. By consent, we stuck to the "pretty things" as Vanilla called them; bracelets encrusted with diamonds and emeralds; pockets full of raw, unset jewel stones; brooches, pendants and a couple of jeweled swords apiece. I keep emphasizing the stones. Why not. They're valuable as hell, they're easy to carry, they don't take up space—and there were thousands of them. We shoved them into our clothing until every loose space bulged. It was a pity at the amount we had to leave. And we didn't even touch the gold coins or the silver.

That's it. We replaced the stone slabs, rolled back the boulder into place and then took off. Why did we put them back? Well, frankly, we didn't want anyone coming after us claiming we desecrated a holy place.

Five hours walk out to the site—it took us six hours back. Lucky I've worked this country so long and can navigate by the stars. It was past midnight by the time we reached our car. Could have been cold, but Vanilla managed to keep me warm till dawn.

Next day we took off. But instead of heading back to Kabul, we went on to Herat. There we sold a few of the unset stones in the bazaar. It gave us enough coin of the realm to bribe our way across the border into Iran and from there, by plane to Istanbul. A wonderful place, Istanbul. Especially if you've got jewels to sell.

So here we are, Vanilla and me, relaxing on the French Riviera. We're fifteen million bucks richer. But we're still not married.

That's not my fault. I'm willing. But Vanilla—well, there was this Polish count—not much money, but a title—and this Italian Prince—less dough than the Pole but great on handkissing—and the Austrian duke—still no money but he could cook—and . . .

But why go on. Here I am, a welcome shoulder for Vanilla to weep on each time she realized that it ain't her, but her money the boys are after. And meanwhile . . . ?

Well, there's that girl with the topless bikini. That one over there with the ruby-studded pin that holds the bikini in place. Wonderwhereshe got that? Why think. She's awful nice to sit with while waiting for Vanilla to come home. Strawberries and cream! But definitely. Nice. And a change in flavor is always welcome. Take your time, Vanilla. Take as long as you like. I don't mind waiting at all. ■

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cameras, or in someone's bedroom.

These nauseating little rat nests of flith—phony model agencies—bring a bad name to an otherwise honorable and respected profession. They're playing a pat hand as long as the girls don't complain, and precious few, unfortunately, do. Furthermore, they make it extremely tough on the legitimate models.

One unique twist on the prurient business was told this reporter recently by a girl who became a hatbox call girl.

"I haunted the best agencies and got nowhere. They either doubted my legitimacy or I just wasn't suited for any of the jobs they offered. And they offered none. I stuck strictly to the name places for fear of running into a dodge for call girls."

"I got me nowhere. Just before I decided to quit and get a secretarial job, one of the sub-directors of a big name joint quietly suggested that he had a friend looking for a girl like me. His friend ran a smaller agency, smaller—less important ads, but it meant a starter. It meant getting my feet wet so I could carry around a portfolio and show all the lovely pictures of myself. Then the big houses would fall all over themselves looking for my services."

"The job? It led straight to the Woman's Detention House in Greenwich Village."

SO it did. Unfortunately, the snake pit that is the model agency business today, is a many faceted trap. Even the smart girls can get tough and frequently do. Those who make a hundred an hour posing in chic clothes with French poodles can be counted on your two hands. That's just about the size of it, figuratively speaking.

"It's a strange, ironic business this," admitted one of the well-known designers who uses a small select group of girls to model his line of clothes. "I often want to use a new face, but the agency or the client say no dice. They want the same dame whose face has appeared in ten ads in the same magazine. They want her and nobody else will do. What chance does the outsider have in so small, so highly competitive a field?"

He answered his own question with a hopeless shrug.

"None, brother. Practically none. That is, unless the few stars die off or tastes in models change. And I doubt they will for another few years..."

GIRLS in pursuit of a modeling career are toying with dynamic, crazy as it sounds. They're walking their way into a business which can—and often does—lead straight to prostitution. As one sometime model, sometime call girl said equally:

"I made a hundred bucks an hour last night—posing. If some slob is willing to pay that for pictures of me and a date after the job, I think I'm entitled to call myself a model..."

A rose by any other name, to quote the poet, sure smells the same. It's prostitution any way you slice the hatbox game, old man. The "model agency"—pimp—gets its forty per cent while the beautiful girls like Lily Jameson call it a career. Until disease, shame, and their own personal disgust catches up with them.

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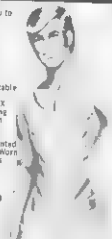
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NIGHT OF BLOOD

(Continued from page 12)

eyes avoided this bear-sized man who was the only one of her lovers or customers the ever thought of as being her personal and loving property.

Bess watched furiously as Jocko poured champagne into the laughing red mouth of the little French girl. The champagne spilled down over her excellent body making puddles on the floor at Jocko's feet.

Then Jocko set Arlette up on the long table, sweeping several bottles and dishes of food to the floor to make room for her.

"Now you just dance a little bit for old Jocko, hear?" he shouted to her. He turned to Jake Potter and said, "You play some French dancing music for the girl now."

Jake Potter started to play one of the more popular music hall songs of the day and Arlette began to dance on the table, kicking her bare legs up high and each time she would kick, her thigh muscles trembling. Jocko would lead the others in a cheer, clapping, shouting, laughing.

DRUNK HERSELF now and blinded by jealousy, Bess Martinson went up to Bill Menard, a big man himself, but flabby, not solid the way Jocko Toms was. Bess pushed away the girl he was with, took his arms and placed them around her own slim waist. She then reached up, pulled Menard's face to her and pressed a long kiss into his mouth, a kiss that lasted so long it soon attracted the attention of all those who had been watching the little French girl's dance.

The others soon formed a circle around Bess and Bill Menard and they began to cheer them as they had, moments before, been cheering Arlette. Bess Martinson began putting on a little show of her own, knowing full well that Jocko Toms would soon push his way through the circle to see what was going on.

As Jocko did just that. When he saw what Bess was doing, he forgot completely about his French Arlette. He grabbed hold of Bess, wrenched her away from Menard. "You damned slut," he shouted, and cracked her across the mouth so hard the blood spurted and ran down her body. Bess staggered back and laughed at Jocko, glad she had been able to provoke him.

"You're not jealous because I found myself a better man now, are you, Mr. Toms?" Bess said, smiling, wiping the blood from her mouth.

"A better . . ." But Jocko Toms did not say on. He rushed at Menard, pounded a vicious right hand to the side of the head. Menard tried to defend himself, but the first blow stunned him and before he could regain his sense properly, Jocko Toms was lashing at him furiously with rights and lefts that were tearing the man's face apart, shattering his nose and mouth.

The others stood back fearfully.

She saw her lover literally smashing Menard's helpless body to a pulp. She could feel a strange excitement run through her. She wanted to rush up to Jocko and take him in her arms right there, regardless of the others present.

Two of Menard's companions, Hector Alber and Walter Norman, suddenly sobered by the awful sight of their friend being cut to pieces by this towering drunken madman, ran out into the hallway, got their guns and came back.

It was Norman who shouted to Jocko, "Now stand back away from him or I'll shoot." Norman and Alber had their Colt .45's pointed at Jocko as he turned slowly. Menard's blood dripped from his hands, was smeared over his chest. There was a grin on Jocko's face. A silence suddenly fell over the room. The others started backing away, some of them running out of the parlor. But Bess Martinson watched, grinning with enjoyment. She did not try to stop them. She stood there wondering just how big blutzy Jocko Toms would die. She wondered if, as with so many other boastful men, he would die whimpering like a child when the lead was burning inside of him. It would be a kick to see him get it—a kick she'd never had before.

"Aren't you fellows a little too scared to hold real live guns now?" Jocko asked the two men who had him covered.

"You just get your clothes, mister," Alber said, "and get the hell out of here."

Jocko turned to Bess with a pained expression on his face. He said, "Bess, I didn't know you ran a place where bad language was used. This here falls—he said . . . hell, Bess." There was a faint sound of laughter from the others in the room. And at the first ripple of this nervous laughter, Jocko Toms reeled with incredible speed, six gun in each hand and Alber and Norman stood there with amazed expressions on their faces as the lead tore into their bellies, the guns still in their hands, but fingers helpless now to squeeze triggers.

The .45 fell from Norman's hand. Blood flowed in a thick, dark stream from the hole Jocko's four shots had ripped through him. He reached down to feel the blood and as he raised his bloody palm, almost as if he wanted to be sure it was really his blood, he toppled forward without a sound and before he hit the floor, he was dead.

Alber merely slumped down as if all the bones had suddenly been removed from his legs and he lay there dead, his eyes still wide opened and the amazed expression frozen on his dead face. Bess shuddered with pleasure as she watched.

Jocko Toms took time for only one more bit of business before he left this bloody scene. He went to Bess Martinson, placed one arm around her and said, "Bess you are just one damn lousy slut. You know that?" Then he kissed her, tasting the blood on her mouth and when he stepped back

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away from her, he cracked her once more across the mouth, this time so hard, she tumbled to the floor.

Jocko Toma made it safely out of Houston on that May day in 1854. Poses were sent out after him, but they did not find him. He continued his ruthless career for three more years. Jocko Toma met his end on the night of June 2nd, 1857 in Hamilton, Texas, in the bedroom of a nineteen year old Mexican girl by the name of Jaquita Mores. The girl shot Jocko with one of his own guns while he was making love to her and she collected the \$2,000 reward that was on his head.

Bess Martinson was convicted by a Houston court of having been an accessory to the triple-murder of May 8th. Influential friends, however, had her sentence cut to three years.

When she was released in the spring of 1857, Bess Martinson disappeared. None of her former friends in New York or Houston ever heard from or of her again. There are some who claim that Bess went to work in one of the houses on San Francisco's Barbary Coast. There are others who believe she traveled north to Nevada, married a rancher there and lived out the remainder of her life in respectability.

But no one really knows what became of her. For all practical purposes the story of Bess Martinson ended on that bloody night the one lover who had ever satisfied her showed her the thing she really was.

DUMBEST GI

(Continued from page 19)

South Koreans. I was waiting to make sure."

"Hell yes. South Koreans ten miles North of the 38-yard line."

"Well, what if they was South Koreans?"

"My heart bleeds for them. They shouldn't talk with a Chinese accent. I don't know about you, Goon-Boy, but I aim to get some. Right now I'd shoot my own father if he came down that slope in a quilted cotton uniform."

The mortars let up after a few years and I stood up, stiff as a board from squatting in the damp cold. Goon-Boy and I limped off through the pines until we hit the highway. The asphalt was covered with packed snow and ankle deep drifts but it was a lot easier walking. We figured it was worth the chance in the poor visibility. With night coming on we'd have gotten lost in the pines anyway. We sloggled along for a couple of miles when all of a sudden Goon-Boy let out a yell they must have heard in Peking, and started shooting into a clump of trees beside the road, like it was full of snakes. I flattened out in the ditch beside the road while I watched him in astonishment. He stood there in the center of the road pumping lead into the trees from the hip. His helmet was a size too big for his pointed head and every time the carbine kicked his helmet bounced. It was comical as hell. I wondered what he was doing. Finally he emptied the clip and stood there looking foolish in the center of the road. If there had been any Gooks in the woods they'd have shot holes in his empty head. Instead, somebody threw a snowball.

It hit him right in the mouth. I was

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surprised as he was. But I started howling with laughter. Goon-Boy stood there, splattered with snow pointing his empty carbine at the unseen foe. Another snowball arched out and knocked off his helmet. I heard a dry voice say, "All right, wise guys, cut the goddam comedy." It was the sweetest voice I'd ever heard.

Sgt. SIMMONS didn't look very sweet. He looked like his face had been carved out of a smoked ham with an axe. I stood up and walked over to the five guys under the trees. "I thought you bassers were dead," I said. Simmons spit in the snow. "They got the Lieutenant." He grumbled, "Just as I was getting him broke in too. We'll have to knock the chicken out of his replacement now. Where's Gilmore?" "They blipped him. He's up on the mountain."

"That's the way the hell bounces. Have much trouble getting back!"

Goon-Boy butted in. "Man," he shouted, "we had us a hell of a fire fight. I thought it was going to be Custer's last stand. But me and General Custer wiped up a hunner of the goddam gooks. There was this here big feller with a samurai sword an—"

"Knock it off, Goon-Boy. What happened, Custer?"

"Nothing much. Ran into a patrol. Swapped a few rounds and lost 'em in the pines."

"It figures. Well, let's get the hell back to the Company. Coen has probably told 'em we're all blipped and they won't save chow for us."

"That should have been the end of it. We were headed back along the highway. The visibility was damned near zero. There shouldn't have been any trouble. Then we ran into this goddam tank."

One minute we're walking along minding our own business and the next thing you know this big Joe Stalin tank comes around the bend and points it's 90 mm at us.

God knows what the tank was doing out there in the snow. Maybe the gooks wanted a breath of fresh air. Nothing made any sense in Korea anyway. He couldn't catch us out in the pines where we could scatter. Hell no. Our luck was perfect. We were halfway through a dead cut in the mountain when this hungry, looking pile of iron rumbles around the turn at us. It reminded me of a big cat laying for mice. The treads were so soft in the snow we never heard it until it was too late.

Well, there wasn't a damned thing we could do. I was two hundred yards to the end of the cut. We could have run for it. But the Reds could have dropped 90mm's in our hip pockets at that range. I looked at my little carbine. Then I looked at the armored hide on that rolling steel mill. Then I looked at Sgt. Simmons. He looked sort of green. I said, "What do we do now, Sarge?" He gave me a disgusted look and threw his carbine down in the snow. "Oh well," he shrugged, "I always wondered what fish-heads and rice tasted like." The others were dropping their hardware. I tossed down my carbine and stood there feeling foolish. Then Goon-Boy pulled the dumbest stunt of the war.

There we were. Seven half frozen G.I.'s staring at a couple of tons of armor. We didn't have a chance in the world. One shot from that big gun and they

could scrape off off walls of the cut with a butter knife. A red blooded American boy never surrenders. Not unless he's standing in a narrow cut staring down the barrel of a 90 mm cannon. So Goon-Boy unsnaps a grenade, bites the ring, like in the movies, and throws the grenade at the tank.

I groaned and hit the deck. Two very unpleasant things were about to happen in rapid succession. A: The grenade was going to bounce off the tank and land in the road, where it would go off with a nasty klangggg and shower us with steel confetti traveling a little slower than 45 tommy gun slugs. B: The Reds in the tank were going to get most annoyed and start chewing up the landscape with that big shooting iron. I was wrong.

First there was the loudest explosion I ever heard. The ground shook under me and I bounced a foot in the air. Then there was the pitter-pat of what sounded like broken glass. That was all.

I crawled out of my helmet and looked around. Sgt. Simmons was staring blankly at the tank. I looked at it too. At first I didn't see anything. I was still standing there—big and ugly as ever. But there was a pillar of yellow-black smoke rising from the open hatch on the turret. After a while a tongue of flame licked up through the smoke and there were several muffled explosions inside the tank. Simmons looked at me helplessly.

"I see it. But I don't believe it." He said softly, "that damned grenade went smack down the barrel of the big gun. Must have gone off right again. The shell in the breach. Blew the whole firing chamber into their laps. We'd better get out of here."

We scooped up our carbines and took off down the frozen highway like Arizona roadrunners. We hadn't gone far when a real Hiroshima blew up in back of us. I bet all they found of that tank was a couple of rivets.

That's all there was to it. We got back in time for chow. It was cold but we didn't complain when we thought about the muck they dished out for chow in Commie PW cages. Sgt. Simmons said he couldn't figure out if Goon-Boy should get a medal, a court-martial, or a Section 8 discharge. Finally he wrote him up for the Silver Star.

We all swore to it. Nobody would believe us. Finally we gave up. We were getting a worse reputation for bull throwing than the Marines.

So I'm writing this. I hope that wherever Goon-Boy lives today—Punkin Corners, Willow Grove or wherever in hell it is—the folks will believe the poor slob. I know he's been telling everyone back home about the time he knocked out a Joe Stalin tank with a grenade. And I know nobody believes him. But it's true. Every word of it. I just wish I could remember the poor slob's right name. But you can't miss Goon-Boy. He's the fellow whose cousin got a leg torn off by an alligator a few years ago while he was gathering maple syrup in the Lumberloot.



Hello, my name is Norris Strauss ... and I've got to get something off my chest before I explode!



You may think I'm a big shot for putting a full page ad in Stanley Men's. Actually I just work at a regular job which I enjoy. I was born and raised in Brooklyn as were my parents—I have many relatives here. I've only moved once in 30 years.

I'm not a racetrack character, nor am I fronting for anybody. Instead of a yacht, sports car and six figure bank account as system writers boast, I drive an ordinary Klunker and live in a modest apt. (my family says it's too modest). But I have plenty of leisure and a local rep as a studious neighbor who burns the midnight oil. I was always fascinated by serious research on old Racing Forms to see what I could come up with ... well, after many disappointments, I finally found the pot of gold.

I've hit onto something so royally big that I feel like the Chinese with a tiger by the tail, and it's driving me nuts! I went into a spin and ordered a whole stack of back issue Racing Forms, and I found a winning secret that WORKS, period. I can't express the joy of this achievement, nor the sense of power or well being—I feel SECURE.

If I didn't expect a nice pension—I plan to pull a slow one and live to 100, didn't enjoy my job, didn't have ample leisure, if my family wouldn't give me a hard time, if I weren't so darn timid, if my religious parents weren't so anti-gambling, I'd follow the sun from track to track. I've figured I can win over \$11,000 a year on \$20 bets, and that's more than I earn. What to do? What to do?

I need advice. How can I convince people I've got the races beat out of the

frame and I just can't keep it to myself or 'I'll burst at the seams!

Maybe I shouldn't bring this up, as I have no proof and won't mention names. But something odd—these horses are winning when they "shouldn't!" If I've cracked a code involving track management, publishers or horsemen, or any related combination thereof, I'm ecstatic. If some group is making money on these winners, well—

I checked this method on old Racing Forms for the following periods: Nov. 55 through Apr. 66; Aug. 67 through 68; Jan. 69 through Sept. 69. All periods proved very profitable. Tightening the rules might improve it, but it looks great as is. Were these just lucky periods?

The system selects about 4½ plays per day per track, so you can see this gets plenty of action. Past results have shown that you can expect to make about \$962 profit on \$20 win bets per month at one track. Winners will average about 30% with an average win mutual of about \$9.55.

It's completely mechanical and requires no judgment. It's really simple. If I were dying, I could whisper it to you in about 100 words (60 I had rehearsed the scene). All you need is the Racing Form or Morning Telegraph. No need to be at the track.

Ever did anything wild on a lark? Want join this adventure, come what way, for \$10? Ever thought of following the sun from track to track? Or perhaps playing the horses at the local bookies in Vegas or Caliente? No job worries, no boss, sleep late, plenty of money—but most

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One last word. You've seen system sellers using aliases from p.o. boxes and mail drops. Has any one of them ever signed his real name, given his history, worked for an honest living, stayed put over 60 days, or cared for anything except getting your money? Weigh that.

I can rush my complete secret to you by return mail for \$10. Check me out. Do what I did. Take any back Racing Forms over a reasonable period of time. Apply my system. If you can show me that it doesn't work, I'll NOT ONLY REFUND YOUR \$10 BUT I'LL DOUBLE IT AND SEND YOU \$20. Fair enough?

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OATH

I hereby swear and affirm that I guarantee to refund double the cost to any purchaser who checks my method out on back Racing Forms over a period of at least 3 months and finds that it does not work.

Norris Strauss

Sworn to before me

Frank Gayer

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I can't thank you enough for this system. So far all my back checking has proven to be correct. The following results were obtained through diligent checking:

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Aqueduct	July 1 to Aug. 1, 1970	\$814	(27 days)
Saratoga	Aug. 3 to Aug. 29, 1970	\$826	(28 days)
Belmont Park	Aug. 31 to Sept. 30, 1970	\$862	(28 days)
Golden Gate	Mar. 27 to April 19, 1971	\$460	(15 days)
Del Mar	July 24 to Aug. 31, 1970	\$4,282	(32 days)
Bowie	Mar. 24 to April 10, 1971	\$730	(16 days)
Santa Anita	Mar. 24 to April 10, 1971	\$1,000	(16 days)
Aqueduct	Mar. 24 to April 10, 1971	\$460	(17 days)
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I can just hardly believe it! Thanks to you I can win at the races!

A.M., Seattle

At Golden Gate here from Feb. 14th opening day to March 26th I have made a net profit of \$1728 on a \$20 bet win bet. A \$10 win \$10 place bet showed \$1253 net profit. From March 26th to present—the overall profit has increased to \$1200 net (\$38)—\$4.35, 21 Centes, Calif.

Thank you! Thank you! Thank you! Everything you said is true. You have come up with the best system ever. I've tried to strangle it, break it, refine it but I simply cannot come up with any way to improve on it. My success has been at the Liberty Bell and even when I wasn't at the track I squared the races and won.

method proved itself time and time again.—D. P., West Chester, Pa.

I am the owner of many racing systems, all which are very good. When I received the system which I ordered from you I tried the system. I checked and rechecked it, and I can truthfully say that it is one of the best systems I own.—M. F. W., South English, Iowa

Enclosed find results at the track for the last 2 months. It's incredible. I am ahead by \$1800. You may use my name for any promotional.—A. O., Los Angeles, Calif.

Incidentally, I find that the system's choice comes in 2nd often enough that it pays to bet both win and place. In fact winnings as far as I've gone are just about double by betting both. Thanks for being an honest selector.—R. F., Gila Bend, Ariz.

I owe you a million thanks. Just like you said, it doesn't work at all times, but I'll be honest with you the highest number always comes in the money.—M. S., Lorain, Ohio

I have been checking your method on some old forms for a period of 2 months so far and have found it profitable.—M. S., Mount Vernon, N.Y.

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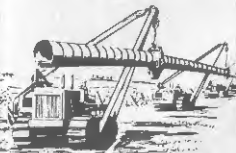
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"To pyramid this investment into retirement in less than ten years seems like magic, but in my opinion any man in good health who has the same ambition and drive that motivated me, could achieve such a goal. Let me give you a little history.

"I finished high school at the age of 16 and got a job as a shipping clerk. My next job was butchering at a plant that processed boneless beef. Couldn't see much future there. Next, I got a job as a Greyhound Bus Driver. The money was good. The work was pleasant, but I couldn't see it as leading to retirement. Finally I took the plunge and went into business for myself.

"I managed to raise enough money with my savings to invest in a combination motel, restaurant, grocery, and service station. It didn't take long to get my eyes opened. In order to keep that business going my wife and I worked from dawn to dusk, 20 hours a day, seven days a week. Putting in all those hours didn't match my idea of independence and it gave me no time for my favorite sport—golf! Finally we both agreed that I should look for something else.

"I found it. Not right away. I investigated a lot of businesses offered as franchises. I felt that I wanted the guidance of an experienced company—wanted to have the benefit of the plans that had brought success to others, plus the benefit of running my own business under an established name that had national recognition.

"Most of the franchises offered were too costly for me. Temporarily all my capital was frozen in the motel. But I found that the Duraclean franchise

offered me exactly what I had been looking for.

"I could start for a small amount—a little over a thousand dollars—and that amount I could borrow. I could work it as a one-man business while getting a start. No salaries to pay. I could operate from my home. No office or shop rent or other overhead. For transportation I could use the trunk of my family car. (I bought the truck later, out of profits.) But, best of all, there was no ceiling on my earnings. I could build a business as big as my ambition and energy dictated. I could put on as many men as I needed to cover any volume. I could make a profit on every man working for me. And, I could build this little by little, or as fast as I wished.

"So, I started. I took the wonderful training furnished by the company. When I was ready I followed the simple plan outlined in the training. During the first period I did all the service work myself. By doing it myself, I could make much more per hour than I had ever made on a salary. Later, I would hire men, train them, pay them well, and still make an hourly profit on their time that made my idea of retirement possible—I had joined the country club and now I could play golf whenever I wished.

"What is this wonderful business? It's Duraclean. And, what is Duraclean? It's an improved, space-age process for cleaning up-holstered furniture, rugs, and tacked down carpets. It not only cleans but it enlivens and sparkles up the colors. It does not wear down the fiber or drive part of the dirt into the base of the rug as machine scrubbing of carpeting does. Instead it lifts out the dirt by means of an absorbent dry foam.

"Furniture dealers and department stores refer their customers to the Duraclean Specialist. Insurance men say Duraclean can save them money on fire claims. Hotels, motels, specialty shops and big stores make annual contracts for keeping their carpets and furniture

fresh and clean. One Duraclean Specialist recently signed a contract for over \$40,000 a year for just one hotel.

"Well, that's the business I was able to start for a little over a thousand dollars. That's the business I built up over a period of eight years. And, that's the business I sold out at a substantial profit before I was fifty."

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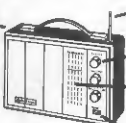


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